

# DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY.

### Wonderful Words.

Keep a guard on your words, my darling,  
For words are wonderful things;  
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey;  
They can cut the strife of anger  
Like an open two-edge knife.

They can bless like the cheering sunshine,  
And brighten a lonely life;  
They can cut the strife of anger  
Like an open two-edge knife.

If a bitter, revengeful spirit  
Prompts the words, let them be unsaid;  
They may flash through the brain like lightning  
Or fall on the heart like lead.

Keep them back if they are cold and cruel,  
Under bar and lock and seal;  
The wounds they make, my darling,  
Are always slow to heal.

## STORY TELLER.

### WITHIN THE LINES.

When she had dismissed for the night the free negress who occupied one of the deserted quarters formerly inhabited by the Eastover plantation servants, Mrs. Gaines stood in the front door, looking toward the town.

It lay along the Kentucky bank of the river, a mile away from the Gaines homestead, and at that distance, roofs and spires were not unpicturesque. A near view would have showed that it was irregularly built; with streets which were muddy in winter and spring, and ankle-deep in dust all summer. Before the war, it had thriven apace—for a Southern town—upon the river trade. Laden barges and stertorous steamers brought cargoes, animate and inanimate, to swell the prosperity of the citizens, and bore away to larger marts the products of a rich back country.

At the date of which I write (1864), few vessels besides gun-boats and government transports touched at the rotting wharves. Dwellings were dingy, and warehouses sagged upon their hips like human dead-bones, and stared stupidly through broken windows at a dull world.

Just now, however, factitious liveliness pervaded certain portions of the place. The hum of a thoroughfare returned, in a degree, to business streets; homes made lonely by the absence upon military duty, or desolate by the death upon the battlefield of sons and fathers, resounded with the ring of mailed heels and the deep tones of men's voices mingled with softer accents.

The —th Kentucky was in camp in the small town. Certain abandoned stores and factories swarmed with gray-coated fighting men; the stars and bars floated from a staff reared upon the loftiest of these; the bugle-call, the drum-roll and the roar of sunrise and sunset guns were welcome and familiar sounds to the denizens of an "original secessionist" neighborhood.

The low hills rolling back from the river shook with the boom of the signal-gun, while Mrs. Gaines lingered in the porch. The evening was raw and Marchy; fogs, dim and gray, were rising from the river to settle in the hollows of the land; frogs piped shrilly in an unseen marsh; the long, muddy road winding down the hill showed not a moving thing between the worn-fences.

The Eastover mansion-house stood well above the level of the town. It was of brick, spacious, solidly built, and so empty that when Mrs. Gaines entered and closed the door, the clang echoed through the big room, above and below stairs, as the sunset gun had among the hills. Carpets, curtains and all the linen and blankets that could be spared went first in donation to camp and hospital; then, the silver; finally, piece by piece, as it could find purchasers, the furniture from the drawing-room and most of the chambers. The widowed mistress reserved enough to make barely comfortable the room she occupied and the one adjoining it, always kept ready for the elder of her two sons. Royall Gaines had enlisted in '61, and risen from the ranks to a captaincy in the —th Kentucky. For a month his mother had seen him almost daily. Three times a week he had slept in the bed made up by her in what used to be the nursery. It opened out of "the chamber"—"mother's room" it would have been named at the North. It was the family headquarters, the center and heart of the home; large, sunny and, in "old times," handsomely furnished. The fact that the nursery had no other door than that leading from "the chamber," was an eloquent intimation of the brooding motherhood that kept the boys snugly under

wing and within call until they went to college.

Before Myra, the free negress, took her leave for the night, she had heaped with logs an X-shaped oaken frame at the side of the fire-place, and made up the fire afresh. Mrs. Gaines was used to sleeping alone in the great house, and had no fears to-night. But, having gone over the lower floor, fastening shutters and sashes and doors, she returned to "the chamber," and sat down in front of the blazing hearth, shivering slightly.

"There will be rain, soon," she said aloud. Her solitary life had begotten the habit of talking to herself. Sometimes her ears ached for the sound of a human voice, especially in the evenings. "I wish this were Royall's night off."

It had rained hard one night last week when he was at home, and she could not sleep for thankfulness at having him with her, his head upon the pillow where it had lain when "little Clem" was his big brother's bed-fellow, and their father was alive, and there was no talk of war. Her smile was for Royall, her sigh for Clem, as she chafed one of her small hands with the other, and gazed into the fire. They were thin hands as well as small, with fingers worn by work never attempted by them in the times she was thinking of. Her face was delicate in feature, pale, and while she mused, pensive. It used to be pretty and merry; it would always be sweet and high-bred. Her shabby mourning proclaimed her poverty. Ladyhood informed every gesture and look. Judge Gaines, her husband, had died in 1863 of a broken heart—"a Union man to the end!" he had said to his wife an hour before he breathed his last. His loyalty to the Federal government had nothindered every negro on the plantation from making over the border at news of the Emancipation Proclamation or withheld Royall from entering the Confederate Army. Clem, six years his brother's junior, had been graduated from Yale in '59, and had at once entered the office of a New York lawyer, a friend of Judge Gaines. After the war broke out, his intercourse with his family was limited to the infrequent exchange of flag-of-truce letters, one page in length, and utterly free from political allusions. Even these had ceased six months ago. The last received was from Washington, but that was early in the autumn. In it, he represented himself as well and doing well, and, as in all the rest, he was her "loving son."

While she ate her supper—a glass of milk and a slice of toast—her mind ran upon her youngest-born, and his protracted silence. Like all Southern mothers whose sons were soldiers, she prayed for success to the Confederate arms, but she was thankful that Clem was away and out of it all. She was proud of Royall's prowess and honors. When he talked of final triumph and what he could do to further the glorious result, her soul was uplifted, but less with patriotism than with maternal pride. If she did not forget why her husband's heart broke and what were his last words to her, she refrained from checking the young hero's ardor. He was the best son in her world—fond, faithful, upright, noble. But where in all the wider world from which she was shut out was little Clem?

A big dog lay upon the home-woven rug at her feet. When she had washed her cup and plate and put them away, she gave him for supper a chunk of corn-bread as dry and hard as a brick, but he munched it contentedly, and promptly fell asleep again, his black muzzle on the edge of the hearth. Rip was her guard and companion, a terror to depredators and his mistress's chief comfort in her solitude. Clem had given him to her at Christmas, in 1860, the last holiday he passed at home. The powerful legs and long back belonged to the stag-hound; the broad head, square jaws and pendulous lower lip told of a cross of more savage blood.

She was knitting quietly in the rich, dusky glare of the "lightwood knot" thrust under the forestick, when Rip lifted his huge head with a smothered growl. He never gave false alarms. Another instant, and Mrs. Gaines's ear caught the sound of a stealthy step upon gravel walk and porch. While she listened, motionless, the intruder halted at the window behind her. With a ferocious howl, Rip sprang toward it, rearing his big bulk against the sill and barking until the panes rang and rattled. A tap upon the heavy window

shutters exasperated him further. He gnashed his cruel-looking fangs and fairly shrieked with impotent rage in turning his red eyes upon his mistress.

"You would like to tear him to pieces, wouldn't you, old fellow?" She said it very distinctly. "Wait until we find out what he wants," patting his head to secure silence. "Who is there?"

"Mother!" The words were breathed close to the crack between the blinds. "Are you alone?"

For reply, she tore at the fastenings with frantic hands, Rip jumping about her and yelping joyously until the sash was raised, when he leaped in noisy welcome upon the man who stepped into the room.

"My boy! my boy! my baby! where did you come from?"

Before answering or even kissing her, Clem secured shutter and sash. His next act was to peer keenly into every corner of the half-illuminated room, to make sure no one else was present. Then he lifted his mother from the floor in his embrace and kissed her breath away. The same impetuous affection, the same strong arms, the same boyish laugh that were his years ago. But the face was bronzed and bearded almost beyond recognition. The mother stared at him half timidly, as he threw off a dreadnaught coat, heavy with rain.

"I should hardly have known you," she faltered. "Yet now I do see a look, not of little Clem, but of your father!"

He sat down and gathered her in his arms, as he might a baby. "Poor, lonely little mother?" For a minute the widow sobbed out heart-ache and longing upon the broad breast, he holding her head there, stroking and kissing it with murmured love words, until she mastered her tears.

"You are cold and hungry, my darling," releasing herself. "How selfish I am!"

He laughed brokenly, but a merry light returned to his eyes.

"The same busy Martha, cumbered with much serving of spoiled sons. I hadn't thought of it before, but since you speak of it, I haven't broken my fast since six o'clock this morning. Let me help you. It won't do to let the servants see me."

"There are none," began his mother, then, struck by his tone, interrupted herself to ask: "Why not?"

She had paused, with the door of the cupboard in her hand. Clem peeped in with affected eagerness.

"I'll tell you presently; just now I am dying for a slice of fried bacon and a pone of hot corn-bread."

He had seen, in one swift survey, the meager stock of provisions and the array of cooking utensils, telling pathetically of the shifts of "small housekeeping."

"And a cup of coffee," she said, proudly, bringing out a glass jar.

That pound of roasted and ground coffee was a gift from Royall at his latest home-coming. She had put it away, jealously sealed up to keep in the strength.

"Drink it! Not one drop shall pass my lips," she had protested, when Royall urged her to use it. "I shall keep it for the next belated or strayed angel who passes this way. And he shall not so much as smell it unless he has satisfactory credentials."

She opened it now gladly for Clem, brewed a cup of royal strength, and the two made a frolic of the frugal preparations for what Clem called the "prodigal calf's return."

He fried the bacon over the coals, while his mother mixed the "pone" and baked it on the old-fashioned "hoe" set up on other embers. He plied her with questions all the time, getting most of the time the food was on the table, then ate like a healthy, hungry man, still drawing her on to talk, so dexterously she hardly appreciated that he had told her nothing of himself until, setting aside the stand, he took her again upon his knee.

"Little mother, is it quiet safe for me to stay here to-night? It would be awkward to have camp visitors."

She broke in impetuously:

"Nobody ever comes in after dark except Royall, and, as I told you, this is not his home-night. I will send Myra for him, the first thing in the morning."

Something in his face stopped her. A dark flush, succeeded by the sallowness of intense pain. His lips were tightly folded for a second before he spoke, taking both her hands in his and looking gravely into her eyes:

"Don't be worried or horrified

dear, but I am a Union scout on duty, and within the enemy's lines."

She gasped and grew ashy pale.

"In the Yankee army! O, Clem!"

"In the Union army, mother, where my father would have me serve if he could know that the country he loved is in mortal peril."

She did not deny it. The thought of the risk he ran in venturing so near the camp was an end of controversy. Yet, he must not go to-night. He must be safe under her roof, with herself and Rip to guard him. Royall, the only one who had a right to claim admittance, was in town. Her "baby" should sleep in his own bed, and she would watch in the outer room all night to get him off before daylight.

"Roy is a captain, you say?" resumed Clem, when this point was settled. "Is he as handsome and lovable as ever? If I had dreamed that —th was his regiment—what is it, Rip?"

The hound had raised himself upon his haunches, and erected his ears.

"A spark snapped out at him," said his mother. "Go on. If you had known that the —th was his regiment, what then?"

"Nothing, little mother," stooping to kiss her, eyes dark and smile sad. "War is a horrible thing, dearest; this war, the most awful of all that ever stained the earth! God help and pity us all! Hark!"

Rip was upon his feet, looking with sagacious uneasiness from his former owner to the door. Again the gravel grated, but now under bold, hasty steps. The chamber was at the side of the house, and the stride came straight around to the window by which the boys, in the olden days, used to save themselves the *detour* to front or back door; the same by which Clem had entered. A hand shook the blinds.

"Mother!" cried Royall's voice; "let me in. I haven't a minute to spare!"

In the flash of an eye, Clem seized his overcoat and cap and darted into the nursery, drawing the door to after him.

"How scared the old lady looks!" was Royall's greeting. "I didn't want you to walk the whole length of that dark hall and wrestle with the stiff lock of the front door to let me in. How good your supper smells! So, you *did* treat yourself to a cup of my coffee without waiting for the angel? That's right."

She laughed nervously.

"Maybe you are my angel—unawares," laughing again almost hysterically. "Let me pour out a cup for you."

She stooped for the pot standing on the hearth.

"Thank you; I can't resist the temptation. I rode up in hot haste for a bundle of papers I left in the bureau drawer in the other room last night, but I'll steal three minutes for your nectar. What is the matter?"

She had set down the pot hastily to slip between him and the inner door. With her back to this, she took hold coaxingly of the lapel of his coat, and still laughing in an odd, breathless way, looked up at him with with eyes unnaturally bright.

"I know where the papers are, dear. I put them away, to-day. I'll get them while you are drinking your coffee. It will cool, now that it is poured out. O Rip, lie down!"

The hound whined and scratched the door through which his master had vanished, and she struck him first upon one ear, then upon the other.

"Down charge, sir, down!" she cried, in a high, excited voice.

In beating Rip back, she managed to knock over a chair upon the bare floor. She had heard with the sensitive ear of affection and dread, the creak of a rising sash in the nursery. A black cloud swept down upon Royall's face from eyes full of sudden and angry suspicion.

"Let me pass!" he demanded roughly.

Fortunately the door opened into "the chamber." She leaned against it, the appealing face writhing in a piteous, sickly smile.

"Royall, dear don't go in there. It is a little—surprise—I am getting ready for you. Can't you trust your mother?"

The window creaked again. Royall's quick eyes fell, simultaneously with the unmistakable sound, upon the muddy tracks of a man's boots across the floor.

"Stand aside," he ordered, "or I will put you out of the way. Great Heavens! I am a child to be fooled in this style!"

Attempting to lift her bodily, he

found her clinging to the empty sockets in door and casing where an iron bolt had once worked. She had passed the middle and of forefinger of her left through these; with her right, she tried to push back her infuriated son. The nursery was quiet, and she felt a sluice of cold air flowing over her ankles from under the door. Clem had escaped. But there were Royall's fleet horse and Rip who would follow his master's trail. She must gain time for him at any cost. The horror of the possibility of the capture of brother by brother gave her unearthly nerve.

"Royall! listen to me! Before heaven I declare—"

The hurried words ended in a cry of anguish. Putting his arms about her waist, he jerked her aside, breaking both fingers.

"Treason and a spy!" he vociferated, at sight of the open window.

As he leaped for it, he shouted to Rip to follow.

The frenzied woman flung her whole weight upon the dog's neck, beating his eyes with clenched fist, and when he staggered back, cowed by voice and blows, she caught hold of the sash and pulled it down.

Recovering from a long swoon, she found Rip licking her crushed hand and crying in her ear. Nothing else came near her for the rest of that vigil of unutterable bodily and mental misery. She had not undressed or lain down, when Myra arrived at sunrise.

"I caught my hand in the door last night," said the lady composedly, but her face was livid and lined as with eighty winters. "Get me to bed and then go to town for Doctor Marshall. No; do not go for Captain Gaines. I do not want to make him uneasy."

Before Myra got back with the doctor, an orderly arrived with a note. Myra's little girl brought it into the sick-room.

"Please send the papers from the bureau drawer, unless, indeed, you gave them to your visitor. It is well known that a notorious Yankee spy is lurking in this neighborhood. A party of horse, with a blood-hound or two, set out to look for him at daybreak. When found, he will be hung to the nearest tree. But for you, Rip and I would have pulled him down last night. Until you can assure me that my suspicions are wrong, you will not see me again, unless you will tell me who the devil was who could turn your heart against your country and your son."

He kept his word. From the bed where she lay, prostrate and fevered, she watched, ten days later, the loaded transports steam down the river, and felt the jar of the farewell salute. The —th Kentucky was ordered to the front.

Royall was a prisoner of war in Fort Delaware. Clem, the most dashing and distinguished scout of the command he served, was with Sherman on the triumphal return to Washington, when a patient paralytic yielded up the life that had been lightless since the nocturnal visits of her two sons. The day before her death, Dr. Marshall brought the news of the confirmed peace. She had kept her secret faithfully up to that hour. In the keeping of the old friend, she left the story I have written.

"Royall never knew that my hand was hurt," she said, glancing at the misshapen fingers. "I would rather you wouldn't tell him that, doctor."

This was the only one of her dying behests he disobeyed.

On Decoration Day, 1876, the two brothers, for the first time, visited their mother's grave in company. Both had borne part in the ceremonies of the day. The great cemetery of the Confederate dead, upon the outskirts of the river-town, and the shorter rows of graves, most of which were lettered "Unknown," showed in the sunset like blossoming fields, as each hillock upbore its tribute of flowers and flags. The pageant over, the two grave-eyed veterans, arm-in-arm, sought the family burying-ground on the southern slope of the Eastover plantation. Above the breast of the father, who had lived and died "a Union man," they laid a fragrant burden of roses and jasmine. On the still ridge of turf covering their mother, they left a wreath of pale, Passion-flowers; and set at the head a silken flag of the restored Union, at the foot an emblem of the lost cause.

The epitaph upon the marble cross bearing her name had been agreed upon between them, eight years before:

"Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own heart, also."

The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our childhood may have consequences very important and of a long duration.

## THE WONDER WORKERS.

STRANGE THINGS DONE BY THE ADEPTS OF INDIA.

Heinrich Hensoldt is a German naturalist who, while a youth, went to Ceylon with Dr. F. Goldschmidt, a distinguished archaeologist and Sanscrit scholar, whose mission was to study two ruined cities there. He afterward traveled widely in India, devoting his attention to his science, and despising the occult knowledge of which he heard so much as he went about, says the *Arena*. In what he relates, is he amusing himself in an effort to discover if there be a limit to gullibility? A man of science with a little humor might be suspected of such a thing. Has he been imposed upon—which is to say, was he hypnotized by the old adept and made to see what was suggested to him? If neither of these theories of explanation be correct, what is the explanation?

In March of 1881, his curiosity concerning occultism being aroused, he was advised by a pundit of Northern India to visit an adept of Sermagur, a city of the vale of Cashmere. The pundit gave him a letter of introduction to the adept, Coomra Sami, and he set out to that place. Reaching there, no one seemed to know such a person as Coomra, and he began to think that he had been tricked, when he learned from a shepherd that Coomra, with four companions and two servants, occupied a monastery made out of the walls of an old pagoda, three miles to the northwest of the city.

As he approached the monastery, a tall man with an emaciated face, but with features not unpleasant except for the sternness displayed by the lips, rose from behind some large earthen jars and stepped forth to meet him. This was Coomra, and passing over much detail, Coomra told Hensoldt he knew he was coming and described the roads he had traversed, and even the musing in which he had indulged on the way. He was given a room in the monastery.

The revelation which he had of the adept's powers in the first moment's interview, prepared him for other strange experiences. Still he thought this revelation might be referable "to the dark field of cerebriosity and clairvoyance," and, therefore, not unexampled in other parts of the world.

But the evening of the second day something happened which was not so easily explicable. He asked if there were any books in the monastery which would assist him in his inquiries. Yes, there were, and Coomra invited him to where they were, in a room as dark as pitch. He had to be led in it by the hand. Releasing his hand, Coomra went to what afterward was seen to be a chest and took out a book, saying: "Look at this fine carving and at these pictures."

Hensoldt replied, "I beg your pardon, how can I see anything in this inky darkness?" The adept exclaimed: "Oh, I forgot," and then, says Hensoldt, "a flood of light surrounded me, and I found myself in a high-roofed apartment devoid of furniture, except an old chest and two sheepskins in the middle of the floor. The light was certainly not produced by any artificial means; it was as light as day, and of that unearthly refulgence which on more than one previous occasion had startled me in certain of the facts of Ygobis in Central India.

"The objects in the light cast no shadows, which clearly proves that its source cannot be an incandescent body like the sun or any other radiating point. The nearest definition—although a poor one—which I can give of the light, is that of a luminous fluid which is suddenly precipitated over a limited space, and in which the objects seemed to be immersed. On this occasion the light did not extend beyond the threshold of the apartment, where it did not merge by gradual transition into the darkness of the corridor, but seemed cut off by a sharp demarcation line. The same was the case with the windows, which were square holes in the wall; there was inky darkness and the drizzling rain without."

In that uncanny light he saw the adept before him holding a book "composed of a large number of strips of palmyra leaf, about two feet long and five inches broad," held together by the usual strings and two boards of elaborately carved and decorated teak wood.

That was the first view of the adept's power on the physical plane. Now another. One day while wan-

dering through the valley, he was attracted by a huge rock sixty feet high and forty across the base—"a porphyritic conglomerate, with quartz and flesh-colored feldspar as chief ingredients." On one side was an opening, which he entered for a distance of eight or nine paces, when the roof and sides converged so that he could not well go further, and did not care to, on account of the odor of bats. While walking about the rock studying it, chipping off bits with his geologist's hammer, he was startled to see the adept, as if he had arisen out of the ground. Coomra explained that this was known as the enchanted rock, and proposed to explore the cave in it with him. He was directed to hold his hammer as a candle, with the handle up. He did so; the adept blew on the end of the handle, and "a bright flame, preceded by a crackling noise, suddenly burst from the end of the handle."

They passed through, the hammer handle meantime more than half consumed, and when they emerged Hensoldt remarked that there was nothing unusual in the cave. "Yes, but where is the rock?" said the adept. "Slowly I turned round, and a weird sensation came over me as I realized that the huge boulder was no longer there. It had vanished like the airy fabric of a vision, and nothing but an unbroken expanse of gravel extended between us and the cypress covered bluffs beyond. I made a careful examination of the spot where the rock ought to have been, while Coomra looked on with a provoking smile, but my labor was in vain, so far as the discovery of any trace was concerned. A slanting hollow in the ground, surrounded by a clump of chenar bushes was all that was left to commemorate the late adventure."

Hensoldt says that he afterwards saw the feat of the hammer handle performed several times, and that it is common among the fakirs of the Punjab, and adds: "It is one of the few occult phenomena of which I am able to furnish a positive explanation."

## No Need to Hear.

Every one has read of the "action, action" of Demosthenes, and of what a variety of emotions and passions Roseus could express by mere gestures. An anecdote told of William C. Preston of South Carolina, illustrated the power of this form of art in an amusing way.

A gentleman who was one of an audience held spellbound by a splendid harangue of Preston's from the stump one day noticed beside him a man whom he knew to be very deaf, but who seemed to be listening wit breathless attention, and who apparently caught every word that fell from the orator's lips. Now tears of delight rolled down his cheeks, and again he would shout out applause in ungovernable ecstasy.

At last when a particularly splendid passage had been delivered, with the effect of raising a storm of applause from the audience, the deaf man, as if he could contain himself no longer, bawled into the ear of his neighbour, "Who's that speakin'?" "William C. Preston!" shouted the gentleman at the top of his lungs. "Who?" roared the deaf man, still louder than before.

"William C. Preston, of South Carolina!" roared the gentleman in return, with an effort which rasped his throat for some moments after.

"Well well!" exclaimed the deaf man, his face working with excitement. "It don't make no difference. I can't hear a word he or you are sayin', not a word; but, my stars! don't he do the motions splendid!"—*Youth's Companion*.

## TO SEE OVER A WIRE.

PROF. BELL BELIEVES HE CAN HARNESS ELECTRICITY TO LIGHT.

WASHINGTON, May 19.—Prof. Alexander Graham Bell is spending three months at his summer place in Nova Scotia, engaged in a series of investigations which may have important results. His outdoor work is devoted to experiments in aerial navigation in connection with Prof. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution, while in his laboratory he is endeavoring to demonstrate a problem to which he has given a great deal of thought, and in which he thoroughly believes.

It is to harness electricity to light as it has been harnessed to sound, so that people may be able to see a great distance just as the telegraph enables them to write and the telephone enables them to speak at a great distance.

Prof. Bell firmly believes that it will be possible some day to see from Washington to New York as easily as one can convey the sound of the voice that distance. He insists that the fact has already been demonstrated, and that it only remains to discover a diaphragm sufficiently sensitive to receive the vibrations of light and produce the effect necessary to convey the impressions to the human vision.—*Ex.*



# THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, MAY 31, 1894.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

DR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL'S article, entitled "The Utility of Signs," which lately appeared in *The Educator*, has been reprinted in pamphlet form, and we are in receipt of a copy, for which the author has our grateful acknowledgments. The title of the article seems to us a misnomer. Instead of discussing the utility of signs, Dr. Bell says:

"I must say that with my knowledge of the possible latitude in the meaning of the word, and with the experience of the past discussions of this subject before me, I think we can not profitably discuss the subject of 'signs' at all, until some agreement has been reached by the profession as to the technical meaning to be assigned to the term. I shall, therefore, with your leave, speak of 'Action' and 'Gesture' instead."

Dr. Bell then proceeds to prove that natural gestures are not natural signs, and concludes with the statement that he believes in natural gestures and natural actions; that he thinks it is a mistake to employ gestures in place of words; and that natural pantomime or sign-language of any sort should not be used as a means of communication. He does not object to manual alphabets of any kind in the earlier stages of instruction.

Perhaps the next convention of teachers can take up and define the term "signs," though we hope the attempt at a classification of signs will be more productive of result than the recent efforts to classify methods of instruction. In a discussion on signs, it ought not to be taken for granted that the De l'Epee sign-language, as some of our oral enthusiasts term it, is wholly artificial and was built up and based upon purely conventional signs. If the writer is not mistaken, many (if not all) of the conventional signs employed by some deaf-mutes were invented by American teachers. This belief is strengthened by the fact that at the Congress of the Deaf held at Paris in 1889, the French speakers employed natural signs that were marvelously graceful and expressive. It is reasonable to infer that they exemplified the signs used by De l'Epee and Sicard.

The Kentucky Deaf-Mute publishes a sketch of J. W. Overstreet, a semi-mute graduate of the Kentucky Institution, who for the past fifteen years has been postmaster of Little Hickman, Ky. In connection with the article is a half-tone portrait of Mr. Overstreet, which must have made him wish to massacre the pressman who worked it off. In addition to being a postmaster, Mr. Overstreet is a famous bicyclist as well as inventor of a tool which the *Deaf-Mute* asserts can "drive a nail, cut a wire or lay out a book agent" with equal facility.

This suggests to our mind that it would be a good idea if some of the writers who delight in showing up the faults and weaknesses of their deaf-mute brethren, would make an effort to discover their good traits. It would be a great deal more beneficial to the individuals and the newspapers, if the public could be told of the successes of the deaf and the ability they have shown in overcoming the handicap of deafness. It is not a good thing to create an impression upon the public that the deaf are a class of faultfinders. We should miss no opportunity to show to the world

at large that though sensitive and indignant when treated with injustice, nevertheless we are neither "morbid" nor "idiotic," and the misfortune of being unable to hear has not soured our dispositions or blunted our intellectual faculties.

The *Exponent* is not doing itself credit by publishing scurrilous personalities such as have appeared in its columns during the past few weeks. The individuals abused are not ungenerously enough to retort in kind, otherwise there would be no room for a discussion of principles in that paper, as all space would be in demand for mud-slinging reprisals. Can it be that the editor was imposed upon, or was he coerced by the threats of a stockholder? The *Exponent* was not established as a vehicle for vile attacks upon the deaf or the true friends of the deaf, and such displays of spite and spleen as the public has been recently inflicted with, are not calculated to increase the popularity of the paper or give it strength and influence.

## ITEMIZER.

### Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this Itemizer. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. Morris Pach, father of Alex L. of photographic fame, was recently elected an alderman of Red Bank, N. J.

Mr. Emile Mercier, accompanied by his brother Henry, has gone on a tour of observation among the deaf-mutes of Germany and Austria.—*Gazette des Sourds-Muets*.

Mrs. John R. Becker, of North Easton, N. Y., has been visiting relatives and friends in Troy and Lansingburg, with her children, this week, and has had a pleasant time.

The *Institute Herald* published at St. Augustine, Fla., advertises photographs made by deaf pupils, and hand-picks and bead work made by the blind pupils, for sale at the Institute.

Jacob Edams alarm clock for the deaf has been extensively advertised, and we presume that Jacob reaping a rich harvest or will soon do so, for it is a well known fact that the deaf, especially those married, need such a clock.

Wm. Taylor, of Los Angeles, Cal., a son of Capt. Taylor, is a warm friend of Capt. James Lynch of the steamer "Yolchester," of New York, which commenced her regular Sunday morning excursions to Newburg, on May 27th.

According to the *Deaf-Mute Record*, Superintendent Tate, of the Missouri school, expect to provide such pupils of the more advanced grades with tablets at the close of school. He will request them to keep a diary and bring these diaries back in the Fall for use in the class room.

At a meeting of the Friendly Association of Deaf-mutes, Reims, France, on April 1st, Mr. Emile Mercier was elected president; Raymond Prosper, vice-president; Paul Devaux, secretary; Alfred Lallent, vice-secretary; Henry Mercier, Treasurer. Messrs. A. Muta and E. Perrin were made honorary members. Over fifty members were present. The assets of the association amount to about \$925.—*Gazette des Sourds-Muets*.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayden removed to New York last Saturday afternoon, where Mr. Hayden has been working three weeks after a four months' illness. Their daughter Grace, aged six, a bright and intelligent little girl, is coming over from Brooklyn with her aunt in a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Hayden are much surprised to hear that Miss Rachel McIlvaine is married to Mr. Joseph Cully, a hearing gentleman. Mrs. Cully is an friend of Mr. and Mrs. Hayden.

## NEWARK, N. J.

There was a little birthday party last Thursday evening, May 24th, at 100 Court Street, Newark. It was on the occasion of the birthday of Mr. Chas. McMans. There was a large assemblage, including many fair ladies. Many games were played and prizes won. The first prize fell to the lot of Miss Lizzie Crane, of Newark. After the games were over, dancing took place until the bell sounded for supper. After supper, Mr. George Carroll, Newark's popular colored deaf-mute, made an impersonation of Dan Kelly, the Irish Orator, which brought down the house with laughter. It was a most enjoyable evening. The affair lasted till midnight. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McMans, Miss Lizzie Crane and Chas. Lawrence, Jr., Miss Rachel Moses and Henry Samuels, Miss Helen Housel and Paul Keese, Miss Minnie Housel and John B. Ward, Miss Grace Redmond and Morton Moses, John Shea, of the Xavier and Flushing B. B. C., and Emil Scheiffer, of Montclair, N. J., and also the witty Theodore R. Bailey, and others not in society of mutes. Geo. Carroll was the caterer. E. Scheiffer is expected with a friend to start for Texas shortly in search of a fortune.

## WHISPERINGS UNDER THE ROSE.

Mr. Henry C. White's address is No. 5, Waverly Street, Brighton, Mass.

The Boston Society closed its Wednesday meetings for the season this week. The Sunday services will be held as usual until August.

Mr. John T. Tillinghast says in reference to the \$500 legacy of the New England Gallaudet Association, that after the last convention in Hartford, he collected the fund and handed his check for the full amount over to the new trustees and he has got the receipt for it. So far so good. This statement will be satisfactory to the New Englanders who had no clear ideas about it before. Mr. Tillinghast goes on to say that it was his custom to pay over to the treasurer of the Association the interest of seven per cent every six months in order to keep the treasury supplied with enough funds to meet the current expenses. He does not, however, explain why the same course was not pursued by the new trustees—probably he would say he is out of it and it is none of his funeral.

Messrs. Orent, Docharty, and other intelligent members of the N. E. G. A., are booked for papers to read on timely topics at the Worcester convention.

The *Advocate* furnishes the welcome intelligence that, on account of the eligibility of Worcester, a large number of New Yorkers may be expected to attend the convention, leaving Gotham by the steamer "City of Worcester." The New Yorkers and Bostonians always fraternize and go in for having a good time.

Geo. G. Foster is visiting his brother-in-law, a hotel-keeper in Greenfield, Mass.—the popular and well-known Elm House. While there, he met Wilfred A. Wise, an oral graduate, and both took a ride to Shelburne, a very hilly village with beautiful views, and called on Mr. Eugene A. Trask, an uncle of Wilfred A. Wise, and a graduate of Old Hartford nearly forty years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Trask are doing well as far as the world goes. Mr. Trask is suffering from some infirmity to his hands, and is unable to go out to town alone. Mr. Wilfred A. Wise is a barber by trade, and a good one, with a large patronage in and about Greenfield. He is quite an adept at both speech and signs. He is always glad to have other deaf-mutes call on him. Mr. Trask enjoys his home and owns a little farm, which has supported him comfortably all these years. His brother, John, is farming in Auburn, and is a man well known in Worcester County, taking quite a prominent part in its affairs. Mr. Foster expected to get a good situation in Holyoke, and went there with his brother-in-law, Mr. Russell, but they found a big strike in progress in the factory, and Mr. Russell advised him not to accept the job until the strike was over, but Mr. Foster at present is undecided about it. He will probably allow himself to be guided by circumstances.

Mr. Knight, after having been the guest of the Burills, of Lynn, for some time, has returned to Worcester to drive an ice company's cart. He has been engaged in that kind of work for several years, and the company think he is as good a man for them as though he could hear. They sent for him on the first of May. He is as good a talker as any oral graduate, and was educated at Hartford.

It is reported that Miss Lottie F. Bailey, the star graduate of the Horace Mann School, is going to make a tour of the South with her father, Dr. Bailey, and stop in Colorado, this summer. I wonder if Prof. Bell has scoured her again for the brilliant gathering of the oral association at Chautauque.

Hail! Gallaudet College, all hail! Blessed in the memory of both sire and son, the story of life-long philanthropy is soon told. Whether it is named after the elder Gallaudet or the younger, will cast but a faint shadow of difference upon our grateful remembrance. The name is a chain of many links in our thoughts; awake but one and, lo! what scores arise and draw at each remove a lengthening chain of efforts made and successes achieved in our behalf! To quote Emerson's remark, founded on the wisest of human philosophy,

What is excellent,  
As God lives, is permanent.

Prof. Bell is reported to be engaged in a series of experiments to make it possible for people to see each other at a distance with the same ease that they hear each other. What a blessing it would be to the deaf if he can make it go! Then if we wished to talk to the expert manipulator of the telephone in the *Silent World* and make faces at him for giving us all a "blowing-up," what a joy it would be to our pent-up feelings at doing it at such a safe distance! The *Exponent* might then lay aside the Faber for a moment and "cuss" the *Silent World* in vigorous pantomime and see its esteemed contemporary gather up its skirts and waltz out in supreme disdain. There is no limit to the possibilities of such a thing. Hurry up, Prof. Bell.

"Hypo," the hello man of the "Telephone" in the *Silent World* holds in the wrong key when he asserts that "Free Lance" is opposed to the oral system, because he can not appreciate the value of speech and lip-reading. Has "Hypo" not known me to stay I would give ten years of my life to be able to talk like a phonetician?

Phonetic Lebreton has given notice of his renunciation of the Catholic

Church, according to the following account:

R. V. LEBRETON, A FORMER PRIEST, SAYS HE CANNOT REMAIN WITH THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

A letter purporting to be a copy of one sent to Archbishop Williams was published yesterday. It was learned at the residence of the archbishop that a priest by the name of Lebreton had been a visitor to the cathedral, but was not connected officially with the mission. Whether or not such a letter had been received by the archbishop his secretary was unable to say. It is as follows: To the Most Rev. J. Williams, D. D.:

Sir—My hesitations, after several years, have come to an end on the day I left, through my own will, the mission of the cathedral.

This, my everlasting resolve on, is based upon this:

(a) I do not believe in the infallibility of the pope, but on the infallibility of the word of Christ.

(a) I do not believe any more in so many superstitious practices as the Roman church holds as means to our salvation, which is only in the blood of Christ shed on the cross, and in the fulfillment of the commandments of God and his eternal Son.

Several other motives and good reasons could I give you. I hope we will live in peace and good terms, and pray one for another. But, to remain a Romanist, I find it an almost insupportable duty.

Yours very sincerely,

R. V. LEBRETON, K. H. S.

Boston, May 17th.

Mr. W. K. Chase will be interested to learn that his suggestion of establishing branch schools in New England for the Hartford Institution is not regarded with much favor by the authorities of that school.

Not many correspondents could find many points on which to agree with the North Dakota *Banner* man, for he has a peculiar habit, like a two-edged sword, of cutting both friends and foes, not unfrequently hitting himself, but his courtesy in recognizing the writers for the silent press as worthy of a copy of his paper entitles him to their everlasting gratitude, and is a matter worthy of imitation by the other editors. Some sensible editors have been in the habit of cultivating the flower of courtesy to the same extent, notably those of the *Canadian Mail*, *Advocate*, *Kansas Star* and others. Some others have done the manly act to send a copy of their criticism of the views or statements of a correspondent to him personally. This is as it should be, for the correspondents furnish most of the news upon which to base an argument, and they should receive a copy for the same reason that editors do, that is to say "an exchange of ideas." These writers live upon the scene and see much more of the real or fancied utility of every system of education than teachers can possibly do, and upon the lives of the graduates in the busy world, where they elbow their way with all sorts and conditions of mankind, the verdict as to which method is best adapted to the wants of the deaf will ultimately rest. Out of very fairness, the editors of the silent press cannot do less than to keep the names of the best correspondents on their mailing list, and let us hope to see the flower of courtesy in perennial bloom in every institution printing office.

Mr. Stover's trial was continued to June 15th, at 2 P. M. The agony is needlessly prolonged.

Mr. Isaac N. Soper, of New York, came to Lowell on a sad errand last week. He buried his aged mother. He reports his bright young wife as having recovered her former health and strength, which will be good news to her good many friends in New England.

## FREE LANCE.

### Deaf-Mute Reception.

A UNIQUE PROGRAMME AT THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Over in one corner of the large assembly room out in the West End Christian Church there was a score of curious people seated in a circle gossiping with one another without the least regard for the pleasing recitations and well-tendered vocal and instrumental solos which enthused the remainder of the audience last evening to such an extent that storms of applause resounded on the night air with sufficient force to be heard at least half a block away. Even this failed to attract the little groups in the corner, and the conversation went on without the least interruption.

The event was a reception given in honor of Christian deaf-mutes, and it was they who spoke in their silent language while the rest listened attentively to a few noisy selections which had been arranged for those who were more fortunate in nature's gifts.

Attorney J. C. Watson, who is very conversant with the language of the fingers, opened the second part of the programme with an address which he delivered in both languages at the same time.

Bert G. Kingsley, a deaf-mute, spoke, in his way, to those who could understand him, while others similarly afflicted followed with recitations and addresses, until the quaint programme was at an end. Then all mingled together and managed to converse as best they could.

Refreshments were served and soon after the guests had departed, after spending an evening as unique as it was pleasing.

Rev. Dr. Gardner announced that hereafter deaf-mute services will follow the usual Sunday morning session at the church, to be conducted by those who seemed best adapted to the purpose.—*San Francisco Call*, May 20.

## OBITUARY.

Elizabeth F. Soper, widow of the late Joseph H. Soper, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Jacob Norris, 39 Leverett Street, yesterday, aged 76 years, 10 months, two sons and three daughters survive her, Isaac N., of New York, Joseph W., of Salem, Mrs. Gorham Abbott of Winsted, Conn., and Mrs. J. W. Brown and Mrs. Jacob Norris, of this city.—*Lowell, Mass. Mail*, May 23.

## COLORADO.

THE INSTITUTION IN EXCELLENT CONDITION—AN OFFICIAL PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR—THE BARBER HAS A MASSIVE BRAIN—A MONSTER SILVER NUGGET—PARAGRAPHS BOTH PERTINENT AND PERSONAL.

School will close on June 6th at Colorado Springs.

Jacob Rhode is happily domiciled at Globeville, a suburb of Denver.

Earl Parker is home again from the South. Warm weather has no terrors for him. He says the heat never troubles him, for he does not sweat. Well, Earl, it is impossible to pump water from a dry well.

There occurred a party at Bigler's mansion last Saturday evening. It was given by Stephen McGinnity, in honor of Prof. G. W. Veditz, who happened to be in town, and was a highly enjoyable event.

The report that Hon. Hugh Harbert, the editor of the *Index*, will make a pleasure trip to Europe this summer, is untrue.

Alvis Hurt has lately indulged himself in a safe investment at Towner, Colo.

Miss Gracie Young, of Evans, expects to enjoy a gala time with Denver friends this summer.

John F. Wheeler is around this way again, he having recently arrived from Carthage, Mo. He is very glad that he is back in nature's greatest sanitarium, and is positive that next to climate, Colorado excels the world in scenery. By the way, *JOURNAL* readers, no pen can portray, no brush can picture the majestic grandeur of the Rockies. Colorado alone possesses 155 mountain peaks, rising beyond 13,500 feet of altitude, or more than ten times as many as there are in the whole of Europe. Pike's Peak, the noblest of all, rears its commanding crest 14,147 feet up through the clouds. Colorado's 104,500 square miles are broken up into majestic wonders of mountains and plains, of mesas and parks, of crags, glens and canons, of waterfalls, geysers, and lakes, of caverns, cliffs and buttes, and peaks.

Prof. J. E. Ray, a gentleman of brains, under whose management the institution at Colorado Springs is gaining an excellent reputation, has been in town, of course not for health, but on business. Thuly he remarks to the *Evening Times*:

"The school is in the best condition it has ever been in. The pupils number 136, and the attendance has been 15 to 20 per cent greater than it was last year. Grading is now going on for the erection of a new heating plant, the contract for which will be let soon. The appropriation for the institute was \$25,000, only \$5,000 of which has been drawn thus far. The industrial building is being pushed as rapidly as possible, and it is hoped to be in a condition for occupancy by the middle of August."

A wedding in which a host of Colorado mutes will feel a sincere and kindly interest is that of Miss Bessie Bigler, of this city, and George W. Veditz, Esq. The ceremony will be performed here on the 20th of next month, at the residence of the bride's parents, after which the couple will depart for Baltimore, stopping at Kansas City, Chicago and other towns for a short time. In advance, we most heartily join their thousand and one friends in extending congratulations and wishing them much happiness and prosperity.

Mac Armstrong, formerly of this city, may be addressed at Fort Worth, Tex., where he has steady employment in a packing house. There is no more ardent believer in the sanitary qualities of the bicycle than Mr. Armstrong, who was a rider long before the craze. Of late, however, his duties have interfered with his enjoyment of the sport. His nether extremities are as thick around as a hot-water boiler.

There was a meeting of the presidents and trustees of the State educational institutions in this city last week, for an informal discussion of the mutual interests of the schools. There was no particular subject under discussion, but every topic that chanced to be mentioned in connection with the work of the institutions was talked over. The only thing of a definite nature done at the meeting was the unanimous adoption of a resolution introduced by Superintendent Ray, declaring the deaf-mute institution to be an educational institution rather than a charitable home, as it has some how come to be considered. The Board of Charities is chiefly responsible for impression, the board having assumed to take an active interest in the conduct of the school.

The *Exponent* is bright and breezy. May the success it deserves attend its efforts.

The pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Mount, on South Water Street, was the scene of a surprise from a number of their friends the other evening. The genial host and hostess rose to the emergency so beautifully as to quite challenge the admiration of their friends. Games were played and refreshments improvised, which would indicate them connoisseurs in the art of entertaining, even when caught off guard.

In a few weeks the genial presence of Col. Mike Coyne will be sadly missed by his friends and acquaintances in Leadville, Manitou Springs, where he intends to encamp and endeavor to enjoy his summer vacation. Preparations for the trip are nearly completed. He has collected several boxes of cigars from the boys, and with these and his smoking cap and jacket he expects to have a glorious time. Although there may be no danger, it would not be advisable for visitors to the Springs to venture too near Mike when he is smoking his cigars, because, it is said, the odor

arising from some of them is strong enough to kill a mule.

M. J. Smith will shortly re-enter active journalism with headquarters in Denver. It is hardly necessary to state that Smith graduated from the old-time "sign school" on the corner of Broad and Pine Streets in Philadelphia, in 1872, and is wholly-deaf and dumb.

Miss Susie A. McKee, who lives near Chicago, and who has been spending the spring with relatives in this city, was obliged to return home recently, on account of her mother's sickness. She praises Colorado highly, and thinks that it has the finest climate in the world.

Last Saturday, Governor Waite issued an official document authorizing the commissioners of the mute institution to contract an indebtedness not to exceed \$10,000 for its maintenance. After reciting the reasons for the step, the proclamation concludes as follows:

"I, David H. Waite, Governor of the State of Colorado, believing that the emergency provided for in the act of 1887 exists, do hereby authorize the said commissioners of the said mute and blind institute of the State of Colorado to proceed with the usual practice of the school term, as to educational and living expenses, the hiring of the necessary teachers and employes, and the support and maintenance of said institute, to the sum of \$10,000, the same estimated to be necessary to keep up the expenses of the system as practiced in the year 1890, and making a reasonable allowance for the increased number of pupils and increased expenses occasioned thereby."

John Scott writes us from Aspen that a few days ago the Smuggler Mining Company of that lively camp performed a feat that probably has no equal in the history of mining. It was hoisting to the surface intact a piece of ore weighing 3300 pounds, containing a silver value of \$25,000. This is the most valuable silver nugget known, being almost pure, and of a size heretofore unheard of. The Smuggler mine which was first located by Mr. Scott several years since, has a large amount of this rich ore in sight, but owing to the low condition of the silver market, no attempt is being made to increase the output beyond what is taken out in the course of development work.

That veritable cigarette fiend, A. J. Lamoreaux, is in Pueblo, the guest of his father-in-law since last November. He has a regular picnic these days.

Sylvester R. McIntosh, of Creede is quite a joker. He has written the following letter to Mayor Van Horn:

To the Honorable Mayor, City of Denver, Colo.

DEAR SIR:—I was so unfortunate as to be struck deaf and dumb several years ago and after munkley around for seven years trying to get cured I thought I would make the best of it, so I learned the barber's trade and have made a howling success of it, and am known as the champion barber of the rockies. I have a scheme, and I want to know how it will work in Denver, and if you will let me know what you think of it I will show you free if I come to your city. My plan is to get three or four deaf and dumb clippers, and open up a first class deaf and dumb barber shop in Denver. The average barber talks too much, and I am satisfied that nine-tenths of the bald-headed men have their hair talked off by tonsorial conversationalists. My wife, who can talk the leg off a steel range, will act as cashier, and as she is an expert on the melodian she can entertain the customers with choice selections from the old masters while they are being shaved.

Something tells me that my scheme can be made a great success, and I want to know what encouragement or assistance I can get from Denver city toward carrying out my plan. Please let me hear from you as soon as you can, and I will be glad to approach—if not, pardon the presumption of a poor energetic deaf and dumb artist who is only anxious to rise above his present miserable surroundings, and shine as an example to other men similarly affected.

Hoping to receive a free, frank and fresh reply from you at an early date, I am, your humble obedient servant,  
P. S.—Don't you know, I believe that the average American talks too much and that we would be a sight better off if more of us would shut up. Look at Governor Waite and a few other ducks in your town, and tell me if the whole bloody country would enjoy an era of prosperity if the above named would only put their mouths in repose.

John O. Wharton has had his wages reduced recently at Pueblo, and threatens to strike. Don't strike, John. You have your grievances, but half a loaf is better than no bread, and everybody is poor. There is a good time coming and the hard times of '93 and '94 will be only a memory when we are all happy in the sweet bye-and-bye.

Stephen McGinnity is employed as a press feeder at Smith-Brooks' printing house, and enjoys the distinction of being the coming W. G. Jones of the West. He devotes his leisure hours to studying for the theatrical profession. He is a bright young fellow, with lots of good fortune in front of him.

William Webb claims that he can give you the time of day to a correct second.

Miss Ella Eckels has entered the employ of the Woman's Exchange, and is quite pleased with it.

Enos Loughran growls all the time about his not getting more than seven dollars per week. Worrying about things you can't help, is as foolish as to throw stones at the sun when its shining doesn't suit you. Take a tumble!

The circulation of the Illinois *Advocate* is increasing rapidly in Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado. At present it amounts to four free copies of the sheet. Great that paper is! Hurrah for our old friend and brother, Editor Read!

How is "Ted"?

JIM DANDY.

DENVER, May 16, '94.

## Services for Deaf-Mutes.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, JUNE 8D.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 2.45 P. M. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., 3.00 P. M., Prof. C. W. Van Tassel.

Trinity Church, Newark, 3.00 P. M., Prof. W. G. Jones.

## BALTIMORE.

Mrs. F. Turt has decided to move to the west end, and will carry on a small notion store.

Miss Ella Spencer has become tired of city life and is casting longing eyes in the direction of the eastern shore where her parents reside. She will go there after the convention, and she does not expect to return again.

Our friend, Prof. G. W. Veditz, has decided to renounce single blessedness on June 20th, when he will wed. Hope he will withstand the terrible (?) ordeal manfully. He will be in this city in the early part of July to remain with us till school opens in September.

Messrs. Underwood, Anderson and Fowle went over to Washington to see the Fanwood Club cross bats with the College nine. To save their dignity the Kendalls ought not to let the New Yorkers defeat them so overwhelmingly. Poor Kendalls! they were outplayed in every part of the game. The decisions of the umpire were all right this time. Rah for ye New Yorkers.

Vacation begins at the Maryland School, when all the pupils will be sent home, on June 20th.

The writer paid a flying visit to Mr. Geo. Werner at his home out on the Washington road on Sunday morning last. He found Mr. R. E. Driscoll there, and all had a nice time, and a pleasant chat of a few hours, duration. Mr. Werner is much pleased with his new home as he considers it very healthy out there.

The venerable Rev. Job Turner preached an interesting sermon in this city on Sunday last to a very meagre attendance, the result of our not knowing of his presence in this town. We would be much obliged to the lay reader if he will give us at least a few days' notice beforehand of the coming of a deaf clergyman. The committee have decided to hold the strawberry festival on Monday eve, June 4th. From present indications it looks like it will be a success as is always the case with us.

Mr. George W. Boss, after an enforced idleness of six months, has at last secured a steady job at his old love, that of varnisher. We hope he will stay.

Our boys here are eager to play a game of ball with the Mutuals of Philadelphia, the match to take place in this city on the morning of July 25th at Druid Hill Park. We are willing to foot up half of their travelling expenses, provided it should not be over \$10.

A select party composed of the members of the society will go on an excursion to Fairview, on Wednesday June 27th.



## COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

### The Baseball Supremacy Decided.

FANWOOD, 13; KENDALL, 6.

#### A Few Minor Notes.

From our Washington Correspondent.

The interest during the week centered in the Kendall-Fanwood baseball game, which resulted in our defeat. The game was played off on Saturday afternoon on the "Garlic" grounds, where a comparatively large crowd gathered and witnessed it. From start to finish the game was interesting, marred only now and then by silent disapproval of the umpire's decisions. Excitement usurped the coolness and judgment of some of our best men, and their errors had something to do with the result of the game. What was mostly felt among the Green people was the absence of Cummings, who, from some unexpected engagement, failed to appear. He is the best and most reliable pitcher the college can put on the diamond, and his non-appearance caused the greatest vexation. Kiene pitched, but was not in condition. Our men failed to show up in their usual brilliant style, and to those familiar with the team work, the errors made were astounding. Putting all together the men were not in their best "bib and tucker" condition, not the least, for a clean game.

On the other side, the Fanwoods had excellent support in Hare and McKean. These men are really the nucleus of the team, and their playing showed that to any opposing team they are towers of strength. McKean's playing at his territory was very creditable. Hare seemed to have recalled his whole might as against Yale during his college days. With head work, the avail of which he utilized throughout, our men were kept in hard luck with the stick. The Fanwood pupils did some clever playing, but were their team wholly dependent on the direct representatives of the school, instead of partly from the official department, the contest would not have gone through as it were.

The Fanwoods arrived in Washington Friday evening, and after a tour of the Capitol, made the Green their home till Monday morning, when they left for Philadelphia to play against the Mt. Airy team. They were shown around the city Saturday morning by Mr. Fox, their manager, and in the afternoon they donned their uniforms. A professional umpire was booked to appear, but he did not come up in time, and Mr. Denny Gallaudet, who was here on a vacation, was chosen in his place. Below are the standing score and points of the game:

KENDALLS.	R	H	E	R	FANWOODS.	R	H	E	R
Wagner, L.F.	1	1	1	1	McKean, S.S.	0	3	1	1
Ed, Jb.	2	0	0	0	Krischeldorf, Jb.	2	2	0	1
Boyley, C.	1	1	1	1	Long, C.F.	2	2	0	0
Dudley, Jb., c.f.	1	0	0	0	Iqui, O.F.	1	1	0	0
Brookings, R.F.	1	1	1	1	Cox, Jb. & L.F.	1	1	1	1
Ryan, Jb.	0	0	0	0	Avens, C.	0	1	1	1
Romon, C.F., c.b.	0	0	0	0	Lamm, F.	1	0	0	0
Price, A.S.	0	0	0	0	Kiene, P.	2	1	0	0
Kiene, P.	1	1	1	1					
Totals.	6	4	9	12	Totals.	13	14	27	6

BASE RUNS—Kendalls, 1; Fanwoods, 2. Two Bases—Krischeldorf, Long and Black. Stolen Bases—McKean, Black (2), Krischeldorf (2), Long, Iqui, Cox, Aven (2), Lamm, Hare, Wagner, Ed, Boyley (2), Dudley, Brookings and Kiene. Double Play—Price and Ryan. Strike Out—By Kiene, 11; by Hare, 14. BASES ON BALLS—Off Kiene, 8; off Hare, 4. TIME OF GAME—Two hours and thirty minutes. UMPIRE—Mr. Denison Gallaudet.

That the Fanwoods have fairly won the game, and lowered the college banners for awhile is undoubtedly true, and we do not mean to deny to those to whom is due any credit, they may have earned.

The Kendalls put up an excellent game against the Johns Hopkins University team last Wednesday, scoring a victory, 6 to 2. Kiene and Boyley were the battery for the Kendalls. Rain postponed the carrying of the game to a finish. The team of Columbia University Wednesday next, may end the ball season.

Rain prevented the Fanwoods playing at Mt. Airy Monday. They left in the morning seemingly well impressed with their visit to the Green. Mr. Anthony Capelli, assistant foreman in the JOURNAL office, accompanied the team on their tour. He made friends with nearly the whole college.

The tennis tournament has ended, and the class of '96 is still at the head with 1000 per cent; their last contests were with '95 and '94. The standing rank of the classes are:

Class '96	1000 per cent.
'95	500 "
'98	467 "
'97	333 "
'94	222 "

The champion class will be awarded a prize racket with balls.

The O. W. L. S. met Saturday evening, and the following programme was gone through: Biographical Sketch of Dickens' Life and Career, Miss Sadie Young, '98; Outline of Dickens' Character, Miss Clara Runk, '98; Narrative from the "Christmas Carol," Miss Price, '97; Between "Little Nell" and "Mrs. Jarley" over two wax figures, a dialogue

charade from Dickens by Miss Martin, '95 and Miss Leyder, '96; a series of characters from Dickens, Misses Thompson, '85, Block, '96, Daly, '97; Declaration of the "Ivy Green," Miss Kershner, '97.

Messrs. Underwood, Fowble and Anderson, of Baltimore, saw the Kendalls play Saturday. They stayed in the city till Sunday evening.

Miss Zeus, of Philadelphia, called on the Pennsylvania ladies lately. Mr. Fox lectured on "Charity" Sunday afternoon, giving an excellent sermon on the subject.

Cummings, who is now playing for the Royersford team in Pennsylvania made quite a hit lately. Friday he pitched eleven innings, defeating Norristown by a score of 2 to 1. The next day he won a game from Pottstown, 7 to 4. He is improving very rapidly in the box, and may get into the Pennsylvania League soon.

Mr. Fritz Bergmann, of Berlin, called on Kiene, '95, Sunday.

MAX.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE, May 28, '94.

#### The Gallaudet Home.

Thursday afternoon, the 10th inst., Mrs. Bartlett and Mrs. Bisbee, of the Ladies' Board, called here on business. Mrs. Barnhart, Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Starr celebrated their birthday during the month. Mrs. Roberts was the lucky recipient of some presents from her daughter, who lives in Ohio.

Supervisor Gardner took possession of his new bedroom, Friday before last. The apartment is on the front side of the annex building, nice and commodious.

Mrs. Gallup accompanied a couple of her lady friends to the Home recently.

A handsome structure is going to be built for Columbia College in the upper part of New York City. It will be a massive pile, and accommodate between three and five thousand students. The site on which this well-known edifice of learning stands was formerly occupied by the school for deaf-mutes of which the late Dr. H. P. Peet was principal. What will be of the property remains to be seen.

Miss Spear received a package from New York lately, and went into raptures over it. On Sunday, the 6th, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet officiated in the chapel. At the early service we had a celebration of the Holy Communion, and a collection was taken up.

All the rooms in the main and annex buildings have their number on the outside of the doors. Mr. John Shotwell, an old graduate of the New York Institution, was here on a recent Sunday, and attended chapel service. He has been employed at the school for a very long while, and recognized most of us.

Mrs. Nicholson's cousin, Miss Disbrow, died in Penn Yan, N. Y., on the 3d inst., but, much to her regret, the matron was unable to take a journey to that distant place, her presence being needed at home.

Monday afternoon, three weeks ago, Miss Leila Nelson and Mr. O. H. Regensburg drove here from Poughkeepsie, where the latter happened to be on a flying visit. Upon being shown through the buildings, Mr. Regensburg expressed himself greatly pleased with everything he saw.

Dr. Bern Budd Gallaudet and Miss Elsie Elderkin are going to be married in Los Angeles, Cal., on the ninth of next month. Dr. Gallaudet is the only son of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet, of New York, and known to a large number of the mutes there.

Upon a consultation at their last monthly meeting the Lady Managers of the Home deemed it best to put off the lawn party, owing to the unsettled condition of the grounds. It is too bad, but cannot be helped.

Mr. and Mrs. Pfeiffer and baby Adolph expect to spend the coming summer at their favorite place near Highland, N. Y. If they chance to cross the river, their friends at the Home will be glad to see them.

Some weeks ago, an inmate here wrote a letter to the *Evening Star*, of Poughkeepsie, giving an account of the schools for the deaf and dumb in the State, as it was previously said in the paper that there are only two, the first located in New York and the other in Rome. Our legislature is generous, and makes ample provision for the education of this class of people, but it is to be hoped the pure oral method will not be enforced where it is not wanted.

Mrs. D. Porter Lord and Miss E. P. Nelson spent a day at the Home a short time ago. Miss Nelson was obliged to use her left hand in talking with the inmates, for the other had got badly scalded, and was in a bandage.

New lamps have been put in the corridors and sitting-room of the men's wing, and in the laundry.

Visitors dropped in here on a recent Monday afternoon. The weather was chilly and unpleasant.

Several days ago, a pretty little baby girl was an unexpected visitor, but she had plenty of kisses. Baby was carried to Miss Levy's room, and placed on her lap. Of course May behaved well, but it was pitiful to see the young woman look at the little stranger with her sightless large brown eyes. However, she enjoyed the call hugely to judge from the pleased expression on her face.

There is a possibility that the inmates will have a sail on the Hudson some time this summer. If such an event should occur, I hope to be able to tell the JOURNAL readers about it.

Mr. W. J. Nelson conducted a very

interesting chapel service, Sunday morning last week. His text was taken from St. John 3:36: "He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life."

In a back number of the *Phrenological Journal* can be found a sketch and portrait of Horace Mann, from whom the oral school for the deaf and dumb in Boston got its name. He was born in Norfolk County, Mass., May 4, 1796, and died in '59. He had a delicate constitution, was tall and thin, with light complexion and hair. His correspondence was voluminous, he receiving fifty letters a day. Speaking of himself in a letter to a friend, Mr. Mann said he never attended school more than eight or ten weeks until he attained his fifteenth year. However, he was graduated from Brown University, and held several responsible positions, which he filled to the best of his ability. His second wife was to him a most useful and zealous helpmeet in his philanthropic labors. Mr. Mann took a deep interest in the cause of education, and strongly favored the right of women to obtain a collegiate course. To this great statesman, the normal schools in America owe their origin.

LOUISE.

#### INDIANA.

Mr. Albert Berg handed me the following card, which is of interest to those living in the Hoosier State:

Through the Central Traffic Association, special railroad rates have been secured for delegates to the Third Triennial Reunion, June 15, 16 and 17, 1894, at one full fare going and one-third the first-class limited rate returning, on the following conditions: 1. Your local ticket agent must certify on blanks furnished by the Central Traffic Association, that you have purchased at full fare one first-class ticket to this city. The certificate will be invalid without the signatures of both yourself and the ticket agent.

2. Upon presenting this certificate at the Institution you will receive an exchange certificate signed by a special agent of the Central Traffic Association, which will entitle you to return ticket, by the same route, at one-third the regular fare. 3. The exchange certificate will be countersigned by Superintendent Johnson, otherwise it will not be valid. To members of this association only (those who have paid the membership fee of fifty cents), will these certificates be issued. This is to prevent misuse of the privileges of the Traffic Association and also to check imposition upon our own association by those who evade payment of the membership fee. 4. The certificate issued by our local ticket agent will be invalid (a) if dated more than three days before the date of the opening of the meeting, and (b) if not presented for an exchange certificate within three days after adjournment of the meeting.

These reductions are made to points in Indiana only.

222—Show this circular to your local ticket agent.

ALBERT BERG, Chairman, N. FIELD MORROW, SADDIE J. CORWY, HENRY BIERHUIS, IDA B. KINSLEY, Committee of Arrangements.

Prof. McGregor, editor-in-chief of the *National Exponent*, has been invited to deliver a lecture at the third reunion of the Indiana deaf. During his stay here, he will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Berg. After the reunion, he will spend two or three weeks in Chicago to discharge the duties of his responsible chair.

Charles Jackson went to Fort Wayne last Saturday, to join his wife. They will attend the reunion.

Miss Eliza Thorpe, who was laid off at the hair-works recently, is visiting in Shelbyville among her friends.

Jacob Schmelzer has obtained employment in a brick-yard on Madison Avenue, and is doing very well.

The following is a list of graduates of the 1894 class: Messrs. John Cooper, John Synder, Floyd Coleman and Walter Walker; Misses Sarah Hughes, Martha Nolen, Mary Lamont, Lollie Davenport and Orrie Boyd. Mr. Synder is the only graduate who will deliver a salutatory essay orally. Miss Mary Lamont will recite a valedictory.

The graduating exercises will take place at the East Washington Street Presbyterian Church, on Wednesday morning, June 13. James Lafever, a pupil, was given a cold bath in the pond last Saturday, the boys making fun of him. It was his birthday.

The old ice house has been torn down, and a large one will be built shortly near the pond.

The chapel dormitory is undergoing repairs and will be completed in about two months.

Charles J. Renderknecht, father of Mr. E. McGuire, sold out his brass works, a month ago, and is now working in the capacity of foreman. His son-in-law, Edward McGuire, works under him in the same place, but Ed. expects to accept to accept a better position in the west Indianapolis wheel works, in which are employed three deaf-mutes, Messrs. Peck, Hendrickson and Cain. They get fair wages and are doing well.

Mr. W. E. Todd has been on the sick list, but is on the road to recovery.

John Klein, a pupil here is to be given a trial in the box with Lebanon Club.

WALTER.

#### BROOKLYN GUILD NOTICE.

A meeting will be held in the Guild room of St. Mark's Chapel by the Brooklyn Guild for Deaf-Mutes, Adelphi Street between Willoughby and DeKalb Avenues, Brooklyn, on June 7th, 8.00 P.M. Please tell members and your deaf friends and strangers to come in. We welcome you all. Rev. Dr. Thos. Gallaudet will lecture there. Admission, 10 cents. Object—to help the needy and destitute among deaf-mutes in Brooklyn.

WM. G. GILBERT, Secretary.

## PHILADELPHIA

### "Hamlet" Enacted by the Pupils

AT THE MOUNT AIRY SCHOOL.

Strawberry Festival, June 2d—The Great Flood and the Damage Done—Briefs.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Last Saturday evening in the chapel of the Manual Department of Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf on Mount Airy, three-fourths of seating arena was occupied by the pupils, employees, and teachers and visitors, while the gallery was rather well occupied. About fifteen minutes of nine o'clock, the first scene of the first act of Hamlet was produced and the last scene of the third act was was concluded about ten minutes past 11 o'clock. The play was well rendered by the pupils being taught in the manual department—not in the oral department—and was highly appreciated by the audience, and is said to be the best production that was given by the pupils for 15 years. The tragedy was adapted and condensed, under the direction of R. M. Ziegler, for the Chirological Lyceum.

This cast of characters are all pupils except Mr. Zeigler.

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Claudius..... R. M. Ziegler  
Hamlet..... Charles Waterhouse  
Polonius..... Harry V. Tobias  
Laertes..... Walter V. Tobias  
Horatio..... Elmer Brooks  
Rosencrantz..... John Foster  
Orris..... Harry Fennekes  
First Actor..... Harry Fennekes  
Second Actor..... Walter V. Thomas  
Ghost of Hamlet's Father..... R. M. Ziegler  
Gertrude..... Miss Lydia Sier  
Orphelia..... Miss Rosie Laird  
Actress..... Miss Maggie Laird  
Lords, Ladies, Attendants, Guards.

All the actors did their part well, but Messrs. Waterhouse and H. Yoder and Misses Rose Laird and Lydia Silver excelled in conversations, while Misses Laird and Waterhouse made the best gestures and expressions of emotions. All were very handsome costumes. Some of the costumes and scenery were the same that were used at All Souls' Club's theatrical entertainment recently, and were kindly loaned for the play.

Mrs. M. J. Syle, Misses Kate Keen, and Mary L. Lentz, Cora Ford, Mary Taylor, Dora Kintzel, Laird, Apprich, Elsie Parker, Mrs. Koehler and two daughters, Messrs. Jas. E. Morony, Wm. McKinney, Lewis Ash, Wm. Ash, Thos. D. Delp, Chas. Pennell, John Wismer, John Q. Hahn, Oscar Adler, Washington Houston, Isaac D. Dewees, Simon Kahn, Wm. F. Fries, Harry Gunkel, Chas. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Waterhouse and son, parents and brother of Chas. Waterhouse, and a lady friend and "the Recorder" witnessed the entertainment.

Mr. Zeigler, and his associates, namely, Principal Booth, Miss Foley, and other teachers, deserve credit for the success of the entertainment, and they and the actors have our congratulations. The proceeds will be divided equally between the Home Fund of the Pennsylvania Society and the Expense fund of the Chirological Literary Society.

Mr. Wm. Bradbury, of Allentown, Pa., came from his home last Saturday morning, in order to see the entertainment.

There will be a Package Party in the room of Deaf-Mute Mutual Social Club, Saturday, June 16th.

Mr. Wm. Henry Lipsett recited "Rip Van Winkle," and "The Wife," written by Washington Irving, before All Souls' Working People's Club, last Thursday evening; for which he was tendend a vote of thanks by the audience.

The Pastoral Aid Society will do the best to make the strawberry festival a success at All Souls' Parish hall, Saturday evening, June 2d. A comical farce will be produced on the stage. Admission will be only ten cents.

The committee on arrangements of the Deaf-Mute Mutual Social Club's excursion are: John Tarry, chairman, R. Ormrod, A. Schreiner, A. J. McGahan and L. Natter.

As there was a great flood along the Schuylkill River during the last week, the water invaded the Boat House of America Rowing Club, of which Mr. McGahan is a member; Messrs. Patrick and Lipsett lost about one thousand dollars by the flood, which damaged their coal, wharf, and the mills of Mr. Pollock in Frankford were flooded, causing the mill operatives to be laid off for a few days.

Mr. Bertie Benjamin, of Mystic, Ct., an old schoolmate of Mr. Chas. M. Pennell, came to this city with Mr. Wylie Whipple, a few days ago, and visited their friends, Mr. and Mrs. McGuigan for a week. Bertie and Pennell were educated at Whipple's School several years ago. They visited All Souls' Club, and Mr. Pennell showed Bertie to the places of interest and parks. Bertie went home last Saturday week.

Miss Robinson, of Lansdale, Pa., who is visiting her relatives here, was escorted by Mr. Chas. M. Pennell to

the theatrical entertainment at Mt. Airy.

We heard with regret that Messrs. Weed and Burnside, Mr. and Mrs. Hurd and Mrs. Trist, will shortly resign as teachers at the Mt. Airy Institution for the Deaf.

The deaf of this city were surprised when Rev. Mr. Koehler announced Rev. Father Lebreton, who had charge of the Deaf-Mute Catholic Mission at 710 Pine Street, several years ago, has left his faith and become a Protestant Episcopalian.

Mr. James E. Morony, whose big heart is known by his friends in distress, was honorably complimented on his 64th birthday a few evenings ago. Several deaf-mutes did their best to make the occasion a happy one, and a nice collation was served. He is congratulated by the "Recorder," who wishes him many returns of the day.

Mr. Burton, father of Mrs. Joseph Vanocourtland, died last Sunday, and was buried on Thursday.

Mrs. M. A. Paullin would like to know the whereabouts of Mr. James H. Purvis through the JOURNAL. He must be somewhere in Colorado.

Simon Kahn, who came from Germany about ten months ago, and who failed to secured work in New York City, came to this city three weeks ago and succeeded in securing a lucrative position as photo-engraver two weeks ago, and is happy, you bet.

Mr. Solomon Bacharach, the smallest deaf-mute in this city, lost his highly valued umbrella at All Souls' Church a few days ago.

THE RECORDER.

PHILA., May 18, 1894.

#### NEWBURGH, N. Y.

People from distant cities coming to Newburgh by rail and water find to their discomfort and dismay only high-priced hacks to convey them to the places they want to go to, for the horse cars have stopped running since the latter part of last April and an electric railroad is being built. It will extend to Orange Lake and Walden, probably to Montgomery. The company of the new road expect to have the trolley cars running on Decoration Day, and they may be ready to run to Orange Lake before or on the 4th of July. Before the year 1894 bids adieu to us, the road to Walden may be finished, but as to Montgomery the company have not decided yet.

The present pressing hard times drove several deaf-mutes from distant towns to look for work here. Very few or no jobs are to be secured here, for most of the people in this city are out of work. The large overall factory of Sweet, Orr & Co., and their branches in Wappinger's Falls and Chicago, have been shut down going on to five weeks since. Only sixty hands are kept working from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. for orders only. Among these deaf-mutes looking for work were Messrs. Sparrow and Childs. They tried Poughkeepsie and Walden, and were the guests of Mr. James Thorne, of St. Andrews. He kindly took them to New Windsor to see if a place could be secured for them at the brickyard of Mr. Lang, who is a cousin to Mr. Thorne and owns the largest brickyard there; but on account of the strikes in the brick-yards around some towns near here, only thirty hands are employed there. The strike first started in Rondout, extended to Rosetown and Fishkill. Mr. Chas. D. Edmonston and his mute sister Sarah and Mrs. P. W. Edmonston entertained these gentlemen cordially when they called, and they left Newburgh highly pleased with their visit and with the impression that Newburgh deaf-mutes are popular for their hospitality to any one.

A certain person not familiar with us deaf-mutes and our ways, made a great mistake in saying that it is noticeable that we need an ordained mute minister to preach to these following words; Charity, forgiveness, selfishness and good fellowship.

Mr. Sparrow was the first mute from Albany, and Mr. Childs from Massachusetts that ever dropped into Newburgh. Some of the deaf-mutes here remember Mr. Childs as Robert Corbett while at Fanwood. Mr. Joseph Hogben, a German deaf-mute printer by trade from Chicago, has been peddling pins and needles around here for a day or two lately, and the last we heard of him he left for New York to look for his fortune. We are pleased to hear that Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Wygant are still to reside in this city. The writer made a mistake in saying they were to move to Marlborough. They are going to move into a handsome house on Carson Street on the Height. Their little daughters, Ella and Sadie, are too smart for children at their age. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Morgan, mother and stepfather of Miss Belle Brown, recently returned from their visit to Niagara Falls, and about the first week in July Miss Brown and her mother will leave for Maine, where they will spend two weeks visiting relatives and friends, and will go to Boston for two weeks, and Miss Brown will remain there longer to attend the convention at Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. Mary Dobbs and children will spend the month of July in Albany with her folks, and hopes to have the pleasure of seeing her deaf-mute friends.

Miss Sarah Edmonston spent three days in Kingston at the residence of her brother, who keeps and owns a cigar store there, and she called to see Mrs. S. H. Winne, whom she found well and living comfortably in a house of their own, given to them as a present from the father of Mr.

Winne. May good luck follow them. Mrs. Winne, with baby Beatrice, expects to go to Jersey City for Decoration Day.

It was a great blunder on the Newburghers part, that a letter about the case of Mr. Gardner was sent to one of the managers of Gallaudet Home and an answer never has been received. No letter was ever sent. The address of one of the managers was given to Mr. Gardner's daughter to write, but she never did, so the Newburgher sent Mrs. Nelson a letter of apology, and in return received a kind answer.

One night, before the last week of March died out, Mr. C. D. Edmonston and his sister Sarah entertained friends at their residence with a party. It was called "April fool party," and it is unnecessary to say that all had a most enjoyable time; but the one that enjoyed himself the most was Mr. John Noble, a speaking gentleman friend of Miss Ruth Edmonston. He was struck with surprise, how the deaf-mutes can enjoy themselves and be happy. Most hearing persons have the impression that deaf-mutes are unfortunate and lonesome; now most of them are finding out their mistake. Among those present were Mr. James Thorne, of St. Andrews, Messrs. Robert and Willie Ogle and Miss Lizzie Ogle, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Edmonston including Mr. C. D. and Miss Sarah Edmonston, Miss Ruth Edmonston and Mr. John Noble.

The Newburgher is away on a vacation, so Mollie once more takes up her old rusty pen, which has been lying idle for a long period, but is still sharp and may be still of good service for a long time to come.

What in the world is the matter with the ambitious deaf-mute New York artist and the deaf-mute popular Brooklyn dressmaker. We are mourning over their silence.

MOLLIE.

#### NEW YORK.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

There was a hot contest over the question whether women should vote at the Brooklyn Society's rooms May 26th. The attendance was small, but brimful of fight in favor of the debaters who participated. The points advanced were sharp, telling, and given with spirit. After all had their say a vote was taken, the honors of the debate falling to the negative side, by a total of 5 to 4 points.

On May 12th, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Lindemann, of Brooklyn, was baptized by Rev. John Chamberlain.

Among the numerous bequests made to various educational and charitable institutions in New York, by the late Jesse Seligman, the well known banker and philanthropist, the sum of \$500 is donated to the Association for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes. It is supposed this refer to the Lexington Avenue school.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hogan contemplate removing to Pennsylvania during the summer.

James Russell, as a means of decreasing his weight, has taken to horse-back riding. With a party of other gentlemen, Mr. Russell will take advantage of Decoration Day by an equestrian jaunt over the turnpike leading to city Island. Bernard Donnelly, brother of James F. Donnelly, was recently awarded the contract of furnishing the exhibition costumes, which will be seen on Buffalo Bill's warriors, cowboys, etc., during the summer.

Fred. Knox was in a jubilant frame of mind May 27th. After a long wait for a fair wind with no sign of a storm on the horizon, the occasion at last arrived, and the trim little 18-footer was slid from her stays, and now nestles serenely on the waters of Jamaica Bay, in close proximity to the home of the Canarsie Yacht Club. Next Saturday the "Yankee" will be seen on review at the "opening" of the club, which them occurs.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

#### Sudden Fright Will Cause Deafness.

Sir William Dalby has recorded that sudden fright sometimes causes deafness, and has given one or two cases that occurred in the course of his own practice. A lady standing before her toilet-table and looking through a door into the dressing-room, saw in a mirror the reflection of her husband in the act of cutting his throat. From that moment she was totally deaf. A lady who just before the Peninsular War had been married, heard suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, that her husband had been ordered out to the seat of war. So great was her horror that she became instantaneously and perfectly deaf, remaining so for many months. A doctor relates that a governess in a family was standing one day in the hall when one of the children of the house, who was sliding on the banisters, fell over them and was killed at her feet. The shock so affected her that she became immediately absolutely deaf.—*British Deaf-Mute.*

#### MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's parents, St. Louis, Mo., Wednesday evening, May 16th, 1894, Mr. Renne J. Schneider and Miss Leola M. McHose; the Rev. J. H. Cloud officiating.

At Trinity Church, Kansas City, Mo., Sunday afternoon, May 20th, 1894, by the Rev. J. H. Cloud, Mr. John McPatton, of Belvitt, Kan., and Miss Mary Fritz, of Kansas City, Kan.

## COLUMBUS.

### Jupiter Pluvius Defeats the Pienie.

#### MEETING OF THE LADIES



## FANWOOD.

### The Fanwoods Defeat the Kendalls.

RAIN PREVENTS A GAME AT MT. AIRY.

An Enjoyable Trip—How the News was Received—Notes.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

"We have met the enemy, and they are ours." Under the care of Manager Fox, the Fanwood baseball nine, with one substitute player (G. Hamm), left for Washington, D. C., at nine o'clock on Friday morning, May 25th, resolved to "do or die" in the game with the Kendalls. Prior to their departure, Principal Currier had playfully remarked that they need not return unless they defeated the college nine, and they had laughingly responded that he might rest assured of their success. "Tresmal" was unable to accompany them, but "A. Quad" went along, doubtless to refresh his memory with a second view of the United States capital, and Gallaudet College. The party arrived in Washington safely, at four p.m., after a long and wearisome ride on the Royal Blue Line, and at once proceeded to the Capitol. After satisfying their curiosity as to its ins and outs and ups and downs, and after a stare or two at Congress in session, they started for Kendall Green. The distance thereto seemed so great that some of our tired pedestrians were afraid Manager Fox had mistaken the road—an excusable thing, considering that he had not visited the college for a long time. But his memory served him better than that, for they soon came in sight of the college, and reaching it, were most cordially received by the students. After supper, they made a tour of the city, and saw, among other things, Ford's Theatre, the scene of President Lincoln's assassination; the spot in the Pennsylvania R. R. depot where President Garfield had struck the ground as he fell mortally wounded by Guiteau; the White House, and the different departments of the United States Government. At nine o'clock, they returned to the college, and spent a pleasant hour in the reading room, chatting with the students, before retiring for the night. They arose late on Saturday morning, and after breakfast occupied themselves in roaming about the grounds and enjoying themselves in every possible way. The great event for which they had come took place at three-thirty in the afternoon. The result was as we had expected. Our boys won by the score, 13 to 6, and in this case it was a lucky thirteen. To "M. M." the college correspondent, I leave the task of describing the game. The Kendalls took their defeat sadly but manfully. Manager Fox was greatly pleased with the behavior of the Fanwoods. They were polite and dignified throughout their stay, and the collegians were not less so. They attended the chapel services on Sunday. Manager Fox preached a sermon in the afternoon. On Sunday evening, our team attended a quiet sociable given by the young ladies of the college. The human O. W. L. S. proved very entertaining. (Hurrah for the feathered tribe!) At eight-thirty on Monday morning, the team took leave of the college and started for Philadelphia, arriving there O. K., at noon. They were kindly received at the Mount Airy School. Rain prevented any game with the Mount Airy nine, and the Fanwoods started homeward at four p.m. They reached Fanwood at eight-thirty, and were heartily glad to get back, notwithstanding their pleasant trip. On Tuesday morning, the teachers and pupils assembled in the chapel, at Principal Currier's desire. The Principal selected for his text a portion of Psalm xlix: "And men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself." He congratulated the Fanwoods on their fine work. They fully deserved the praise they received. He called upon the rest to witness the reward of industry and patience, assuring them that in all things, as in baseball, well-doing always brought its reward. He hoped all would profit by the lesson. After prayer, he asked Manager Fox to give an account of the journey to and from Washington. The latter described the principal incidents of the trip, which were very interesting. To him I owe my ability to relate what I have of the excursion. At the conclusion of his narrative, he was vigorously saluted in Chautauque style. Profs. Hare and McKean supplemented his remarks with a few words expressive of their pleasure and pride. They also advised the pupils to study for college, as its benefits were manifold. When they ceased speaking, both were also saluted. Principal Currier then presented the "moral of the tale," which was that praise ever attended good deeds. He advised all to see to their moral, intellectual, and physical welfare, and the happiness which the team now enjoyed would be theirs. All then dispersed to their regular duties. In the evening the nine were tendered a dinner by Prin-

cipal and Mrs. Currier. Small, circular card-board pieces, painted in water-color to imitate a baseball, and bearing the score of the Saturday game, were distributed as mementos. The boys enjoyed the dinner very much. Their cup of joy was full.

At the monthly social reunion of the teachers, officers and pupils, in the girls' sitting-room, last Saturday evening, what greatly enhanced the joyousness of the occasion, and enlivened the spirits of the company, was the receipt by Principal Currier of a telegram from Washington, D. C., which read as follows:

"Fanwoods, thirteen; Kendalls, six; Philadelphia Monday. All well. T. F. Fox."

How the news startled and thrilled us! We actually went wild with glee and pride. "Rah! Rah! Rah! Fanwood, Ah!" resounded near and far. Principal Currier was very happy, and his smile was visible throughout the evening. Shortly after the reunion, a big bonfire was kindled on the boys' side, in honor of our victory over the Kendalls. The flames were magnificent, and illumined the surrounding gloom for quite an hour. Late at night, after he had retired, the Principal received another telegram from Profs. McKean and Hare.

Mr. Jameson, a middle-aged man, recently in the employ of the Mansion House, is now a millionaire, at least in his own opinion. Not long ago, he received from abroad the stunning intelligence that a legacy of \$100 had been left him by a deceased English relative, and no doubt the enormity of the sum quite turned his "fragile" head, for his resignation was immediate. I wonder how long the money will last.

Mr. R. E. Maynard, of Yonkers, N. Y., was over on Friday evening, the 25th.

Messrs. A. Baxter, J. Britt, J. Goor and "Tresmal" attended the college championship games at Berkely Oval (not Manhattan Field, as previously intended) on Saturday afternoon. They expected to see Archie's brother in the two-mile bicycle race, but were disappointed.

A cartload of iron gas and water pipes arrived for the new building, on Saturday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Crittenden were here on Saturday afternoon, the 26th. Mr. Crittenden was at one time assistant-steward of the Institution.

A large paper balloon was seen slowly descending earthward from a great height, near the Knapp Mansion, on Sunday evening, and was captured by several of the boys as it fell.

In the chapel on Sunday morning, Prof. Jones preached his last sermon for the term. His subject was "Lying." Principal Currier discoursed on "Good Deeds" in the afternoon.

Mr. C. E. Vernon, a graduate, was here on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. J. Scharlin, a former pupil, was a Sunday visitor.

TRESMAL.  
May 29, 1894.

### TENTH GRAND ANNUAL Afternoon & Evening Picnic

OF THE

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES,

ON

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1894,

AT

Ridgewood Colosseum

(Ridgewood, L. I.)

TICKETS, 25 CENTS.

(Children under 12 free.)

MUSIC BY PROF. I. BAUER.

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS.

ARCHIE J. McLAUREN, Chairman.

JULIUS WOLLMANN.

FRANK ECKA.

ROUTE—23d Street, New York City, boat to Broadway, Brooklyn. Take the elevated train to Myrtle Avenue and Broadway (transfer) and thence to last station at Ridgewood. Take trolley cars—Myrtle Avenue or Gates Avenue or Bushwick or Graham Avenue (transfer). It is the same park where the Society held its picnic last year.

CASSIDY'S EXPRESS.

Furniture & Baggage Removed to All Parts of City & Country.

Stand: 63d St. & Amsterdam Ave.

2 and 4-Horse Trucks for Country.

Mail Orders Promptly Attended to.

P. F. CASSIDY,

230 W. 61st Street, NEW YORK.

DEAF-MUTE PRINTERS

will find it to their advantage to secure HODGSON'S

"Manual for the Guidance of the Printer's Apprentice"

CONTENTS.

1. Hints to Apprentice.

2. Rules for Type-Setting—Capitals, Small-Capitals, Date-Line, Bible Texts, Credits, etc.

3. Division of Words.

(4) The Marks and Rules in Punctuation.

Sent to any address on receipt of Fifteen Cents.

Address.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,

Station M,

New York City.

## NOTICE.

To members of the Empire State Association:

The Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes will hold a convention in Syracuse, N. Y., Friday, August 17th, 1894.

The programme and other details will be announced in due time.

C. O. DANTZER, President.

C. S. RISLEY, Secretary.

May 14, '94.

## PHOTOGRAPHS.

Cabinet size of Dr. Peet in his office.

Each..... 20

Stereoscopic..... 15

Small Cards..... 10

## ALSO VIEWS OF FANWOOD.

Stereoscopic per doz..... \$1 00

3x4 " "..... 75

Postage stamps taken.

R. Douglas

Livingston, N. J.

THE

19th Biennial

CONVENTION

OF THE

NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET

ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF

WILL BE HELD AT

Worcester, Mass.

August 12, 13, and 14, 1894.

The name of hall where convention is to meet, and other particulars, will be announced later.

H. E. BABBITT, Sec'y.

J. E. CRANE, President.

## PICNIC & FESTIVAL

OF THE

FANWOOD QUAD CLUB,

Saturday (Afternoon and Evening) June 23, 1894,

AT FORT WENDEL PARK,

(194th St. & 10th Ave., terminus Cable Road.)

Music by Prof. Lauermann

Tickets, 25 Cents each

PROGRAMME OF GAMES.\*

1. Running Broad Jump.

2. Running High Jump.

3. Standing Broad Jump.

4. Stair Climbing Race.

5. Bowling.

6. Shooting.

7. Barrel Carrying Race.

8. Bicycle Road Race.

9. Ladies Bowling Contest.

\*Programme subject to change.

Suitable prizes will be presented first and second in each event.

A competent committee will have charge of the games.

Entries can be made with any of the members, or on the grounds—day of the picnic.

Games commence at 3 o'clock prompt.

An elevator will carry guests up and down the incline free of charge.

## Fifth Annual Excursion.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League,

OSCAWANNA ISLAND,

Wednesday, July 11th, 1894,

By the Iron Steamboat, "CYGNUS."

Music by Prof. H. I. Davis.

Tickets, 50 Cents.

(Children from 5 to 12 years of age, 25 cents.)

Boat leaves East 23d Street, 8.30 A.M.; Pier 1, N. R., 9.00 A.M.; West 20th Street, 9.30 A.M.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

James B. Gass, Chairman.

Sam'l Frankenheim.

A. C. Bachrach.

## FACTS, ANECDOTES AND POETRY

ABOUT THE DEAF AND DUMB.

COPYRIGHTED, 1891, BY E. A. HODGSON

Contains Interesting Facts,

Anecdotes Entertaining Humorous and Pathetic,

Poetry Beautiful, Touching and Sublime.

This book is the only book of its kind ever published. It contains 225 pages, printed on heavy paper, bound in cloth, with title in gold letters. Every deaf-mute should have one.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR PER VOLUME.

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## DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL order a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

ALL SOULS' WORKING PEOPLE'S CLUB & CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

This club, organized on September 23d, 1885, and reorganized November 28th, 1888, is entirely non-sectarian, and any deaf person over eighteen years of age may join it by agreeing to pay a small sum of money monthly for its support. The purpose of the club is to supplement the instruction received while at school, by a course of lectures and other literary exercises, and the provision of reading matter of a suitable character. In addition, harmless and rational amusements are provided. The club has the use of the gild-rooms in All Souls' Church for the deaf, Franklin Street, above Green. The officers of the club are: Rev. C. H. E. Croft, Chairman; M. C. Fortescue, (Vacant) Vice-Chairman; M. C. Fortescue, President; Wm. McKinney, First Vice-President; Herbert Scott, Second Vice-President; J. S. Reider, Secretary and Treasurer, whose address is No. 1812 Marston Street; Mrs. J. S. Reider, Assistant Secretary; Wm. McKinney, Assistant Treasurer; and Harry Gunkel, Sergeant-at-Arms. The club rooms are open on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

ANDERSON CLUB.

The Anderson Club of Cincinnati, O., was organized in 1883, the name being changed from the Anderson Society organized in 1879, and has for its object the bettering of the mental, moral and social welfare of its members. It holds its rooms every night and business meetings on first Saturday night, and ladies' night on fourth Saturday night of each month. Non-resident visitors welcome. Officers: President, J. S. Reider; Vice-President, J. S. Reider; Secretary, S. J. Bacheberle; Secretary, Alf. Bierlein; Treasurer, Dan. J. Riordan; Librarian, Aug. Boos; Sergeant-at-Arms, The Secretary's address is 36 Jones Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

APOLLO WORKINGMEN'S CLUB.

The object of the Apollo Workingmen's Club, a branch of Southwark Union, and Sonntagsschul, is to advance its members in social, intellectual and physical welfare. Members take regular exercise in the gymnasium of the Verein every Tuesday and Friday evenings. Business meetings are held on the first Saturday evening of every month at the Southwark Turn Halle, 112-114 Southwark Street. The officers are: President, J. A. Brantley; Vice-President, R. E. Underwood; Secretary, James H. Mooney; Treasurer, J. E. Fowler; Sergeant-at-Arms, E. E. Butterbaugh. Address all letters, etc., to the Baltimore Society for the Deaf, Madison St., 1 Door East Calvert.

BALTIMORE DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY.

The Society holds its meetings every alternate Wednesday in the basement of the Primitive Baptist Church, on Madison St., one door east of Calvert St. Its object is for improving the mental faculties of the deaf, and of cultivating a taste for literature, oratory and debate, and of exerting a good moral influence by social intercourse. It is announced by the Secretary, J. A. Brantley, to the Baltimore Society for the Deaf, Madison St., 1 Door East Calvert.

BROOKLYN GUILD FOR DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Guild for Deaf-Mutes, of St. Mark's P. E. Church, organized January 7th, 1892. Meets in Adelphi Street, bet. Dekalb and Willoughby Avenues, Brooklyn. The meetings are held in the room of St. Mark's Chapel, on the first Thursday of each month, at 8 P. M. Object: To help the needy and destitute among the religious deaf-mutes in Brooklyn. The present officers are: President, James S. Orr; Vice-President, H. L. Juhring; Treasurer, Fred G. Bachrach. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. G. Gilbert, 335 Evergreen Avenue, Brooklyn.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theodore Grady; Vice-President, Kossuth Selig; Secretary, Wm. H. H. Winslow; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A. M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday of each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE OF NEW YORK CITY.

This organization is one formed for the purpose of bringing into closer intercourse the former students of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes of the City of New York, and to disseminate such views as will tend to their welfare. It meets on the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month, at 205 East 67th Street. President, Francis W. Nubor; First Vice-President, E. Souweine; Second Vice-President, James S. Orr; Secretary, Samuel Frankenheim, 205 East 67th Street; Financial Secretary, Simon Hirsch; Treasurer, A. C. Bachrach.

FANWOOD QUAD CLUB.

The Fanwood Quad Club is an organization composed mainly of deaf journeymen printers and writers for the deaf press in New York and vicinity, but it is not confined to these alone, and admits any deaf person, who has attained the age of discretion, and is of good character and intelligence. Its object is "to cultivate fraternal feelings, to promote the social relations, and to uphold and assist what is deemed helpful or beneficial to its members, as individuals and to the deaf at large as a class." The officers for the ensuing year are: Edwin A. Hodgson, President; Adolph Eckardt, Vice-President; Robert E. Maynard, Secretary; Thos. F. Fox, Treasurer. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, 30 Terrace Place, Yonkers, N. Y.

GALLAUDET SOCIETY, OF BOSTON.

The Gallaudet Society for Deaf-Mutes, organized 1886; reorganized 1892, and incorporated June, 1892, is an unsectarian society, and holds its meetings Wednesday at 7.45 P. M., at St. Andrew's Hall, 38 Chambers Street, Boston, Mass. Literary exercises once a month, lectures, social gatherings, etc., occasionally. The officers for 1893-'94 are: Edwin W. Frisbee, President; A. A. Small, Vice-President; Wm. H. Lane, Secretary; A. S. Tifts, Treasurer, and Mrs. J. P. Frisbee, Librarian. Communications are to be addressed to the Secretary, 38 Chambers Street, St. Andrew's Hall, Boston, Mass.

KANSAS CITY DEAF-MUTE CLUB

This club, organized January 7th, 1893, is entirely non-sectarian. Any deaf or semi-mute gentleman can join by paying the initiation fee of \$1.00 and a stipulated annual dues. The purpose of the club is to cultivate the social and mental improvement of its members, to provide suitable reading matter, also social games, and to stimulate general harmony among its members. A good deaf-mute in his private character of father, son or husband fulfil their native claims with fidelity. Honest, sober and industrious we aim to be. The club holds its meetings on second Saturday of each month. Every member has a key, and is at full liberty to use the room at any time. Strangers are cordially invited to attend and see us. The officers for ensuing year, 1894, are: Norman D. Hunt, President; Louise Hecker, Vice-President; Hiram Gilkison, Secretary; F. D. Ellmaker, Treasurer; Heir Miller, Sergeant-at-Arms. Address all communications to the Secretary at the Club room, Southeast Corner of 6th and Main Street, Humbolt Building, Kansas City, Mo.

## GRANITE STATE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Willie E. White, President, 128 Howers St., Nashua; F. P. Blockett, Secretary, 50 Palm Street, Nashua; Willie A. Deering, Treasurer, Pittsfield.

MID-WESTERN MISSION.

Embracing the Dioceses of Pittsburgh, Ohio, Southern Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Western Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Quincy, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Fond du Lac and Milwaukee.